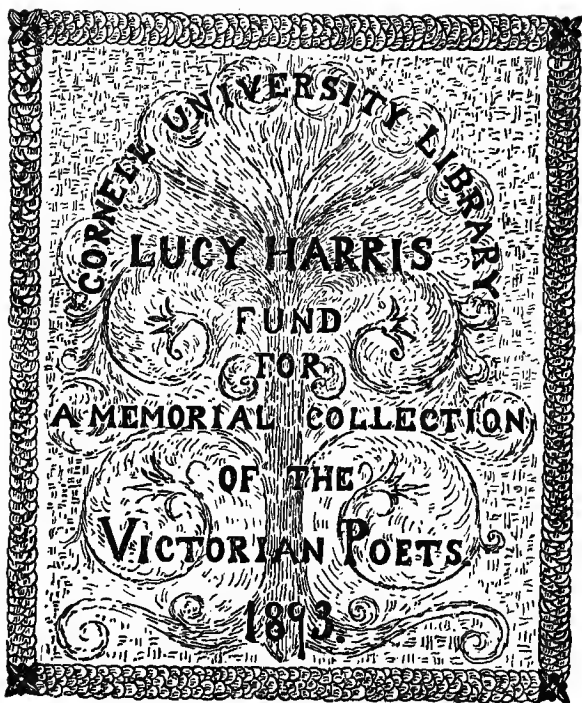


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IMAGINATIONS
IN VERSE.



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IMAGINATIONS IN VERSE.

IMAGINATIONS

IN

VERSE.

 BY
G. J. BRIDGES.

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IMAGINATIONS IN VERSE.

TO ———

Thou who art still my better part
Of reason, strength and will;
O, thou, my friend and other heart,
Long lost, but with me still!

.

E'en yet I know thee by that name
One to but one can give;
Dead to the world—for me the same—
Undying thou wilt live.

Beyond or hearing, touch or sight,
But not beyond the mind;
Strong as of old, in as great might,
The same soul still I find;

Thou still the motive, I the tool,
The partnership still one,
Withdraw thy part, I drop a fool,
And all my hopes undone.

How has Time gathered round dead days
For me a hallow'd glow
That betters all my inmost ways
With what it does bestow !

Around to-day the lights of years
Their solemn glory spread ;
An onward gleam dispels the fears
As to th' unknown I tread.

It pierces thro' that further gloom
That wraps life's mystery,
And shows Time but an empty tomb
Compared with what shall be.

In thine my life took ampler phase,
We both th' enlargement shared
As each walk'd one of Art's great ways,
And side by side compared.

The possible was yours to mould
In beauty, passing bright,
And I a plan oft would unfold
To set a wrong world right.

The dream was mine—yours was the deed ;
I thought to veil the shade
I knew that Wisdom had decreed—
From darkness light you made,

And touch'd the happier side of things,
And magnified the best :
Yours was the light the morning brings—
Mine was the fading West !

And thus, day-dreaming in the boat,
Expanding in each view
To something nobler, on we'd float
And drift from old to new.

A little change of summer sky—
Fresh motionings of the tide—
The lolling ships we floated by—
The pictures on each side—

All burst upon the souls of Art,
And fill'd with full content :
As heaven reveals to some pure heart,
We saw thro' what was meant ;

And sight went further than we saw,
And meanings found no word ;
There was no time, past or before,
That o'er that present blurr'd ;

No memory gave forth sad refrain ;
No cloud rose o'er the sea :
What if it cannot be again—
'Twas then enough to be !

And so, what of these wordings fall
On Truth has fall'n from thee,
The rest is but the echo-call
That answers back from me.

THE POET'S HOME.

Its gates are open all day long,
All night swing to and fro ;
Within there rings a burst of song,
Within there pass a ceaseless throng,
And bright lights come and go.

'Tis well for those whom circumstance
Leads to that open door ;
Within they find all life a trance,
Lived in some higher radiance
That lasts for evermore.

No shadow rests the arch beneath,
No shade lurks in the dome ;
No memory clings to faded wreath,
And all forgot the world of death—
It is the Poet's Home !

Pass in, pass in, where shades are gold,
And glory is the light !
Pass in, pass in, where none grow old,
Where happiness is never told,
And all is one delight !

Say not the Poet lives above
The path that every day
The weary tread ; 'tis his to prove
The path is right, and out of Love
To magnify the way.

The guests are those whoe'er he greets ;
The palace is the heart ;
The lights that flash, the song that beats.
Are wrought out from whate'er he meets,
In thoughts that ne'er depart.

Pass in, pass in, all happy thought,
And seed and grow and flower ;
And bear a thousand-fold, when sought,
Of richest fruit for his support
Who reaps the Golden Hour!

I SEE THE RIVER EVERY DAY.

I see the river every day ;
It winds beneath the stooping trees,
Ever on its placid way,
I see the river every day.

It winds beneath the alders gray
That fringe the water-border'd leas,
Ever on its placid way
It winds beneath the alders gray.

The river makes up words to say,
And whispers now what roar the seas ;
Ever on its placid way
The river makes up words to say.

It writes them down in lines of spray—
Brief water-words talk to the breeze :
Ever on its placid way
It writes them down in lines of spray.

The quick sun blots them with his ray
From out a heaven of high degrees ;
Ever on its placid way
The quick sun blots them with his ray.

Too soon the spellings swift decay—

Too soon the rays their meaning seize
Ever on its placid way
Too soon the spellings swift decay.

The river writes its words for aye,

Each tracing with my heart agrees ;
Ever on its placid way
The river writes its words for aye.

I learn the words the ripples say,

Altho' as soon as flung each flees ;
Ever on their placid way
I learn the words the ripples say,

As oft I by the river stray—

The river keeps my lone heart's keys—
Ever on its placid way
Oft, oft I by the river stray.

It signs to me of long-past May—

Of spring-time flowers, urgent bees ;
Ever on its placid way
It makes signs of a long-past May.

Once more the ripples dance and play,

And kiss the star anemonies ;
Ever on their placid way
Once more the ripples dance and play.

The river tries to make me gay,
With all its spring-time pranks and glees ;
Ever on its placid way
The river tries to make me gay.

The river knows why I say "Nay!"
And come for other days than these;
Ever on its placid way
The river knows why I say "Nay!"

A memory-sign its smiles convey,
Foam-writ in variant subtleties ;
Ever on its placid way
A memory-sign its smiles convey.

One name alone makes all its lay,
And sweetens all its melodies ;
Ever on its placid way
One name alone makes all its lay.

Flow on, sweet river, day by day ;
Flow on and teach Eternity's
Lessons in thy placid way—
Flow on, sweet river, day by day.

SEVEN SISTERS.

There is something speaks about you, speaks about
you everywhere,
And we half-expect to meet you once again upon
the stair ;
Ah ! we know, until we see you, life will have a
vacantness ;
Tho' the number of the sisters is the same, there is
one less.

Kindly Time, that wreathed our roses, has yet left
their stalks entwined ;
In that skeleton of summer I my winter solace find ;
And like the whiten'd circlet that once framed for
those fair flowers,
A memory reminds me of those happy, happy hours.
'Mid the throng that pass thro' heaven, coursing on,
coursing on,
In their all unknown fulfilling of designs but scarce
begun,
Come that Lover's Knot of Sisters, ever there or
clear or cloud—
Yet we know their jewell'd mantle is in part a
darken'd shroud.

One is missing from the Pleiad, and a vacant place
is there,
And a vacant place is with us and with us an
empty chair:
As with them, with us an influence moves on with
us towards the ends,
That shall keep us in Love's pathway by the unseen
power it lends.

In long nights of solemn thinking, in lone hours of
silent tears,
When the shadow-hope of midnight in a gray dawn
disappears;
When we feel to miss you most—you that wert of
all most fair—
There is something speaks about you—speaks about
you everywhere.

“PARADISE.”

(A CATHEDRAL GRAVEYARD.)

From where the moon low waneth
 A silver glory raineth
 O'er silent “Paradise.”
 The holy radiance falleth
 Where solemn cloister walleth
 The graves of centuries.

Here saint by soldier sleepeth,
 And darkling night-cloud weepeth
 O'er unknown mysteries:
 For here life's story closeth,
 The weary here reposeeth,
 Nor heareth where he lies

The song the cold wind singeth,
 As to the flow'rs it bringeth
 A message from the skies:
 Or hour that deeply boometh,
 From where the belfry loometh,
 In thousand melodies.

As arch and spire recalleth
Again the sound that falleth,
 The voice-like echoes rise :
And as the night declineth
A speech-like note divineth
 Half-uttered prophecies.

The owl alone replieth,
With hollow note she crieth
 To each echo ere it dies :
And when the cadence faileth,
Like a solemn thought, she saileth
 O'er the graves in “ Paradise.”

THE OLD HULK.

I. NOON.

Upon the mud, yon oozy slip
All purple shot with greening—
A long dismasted, ancient ship
Lies heavily careening.

Her bulwarks gone, her hatches gape
Wide-mouth'd athwart her deck :
Time merges all her former shape
In helpless, shatter'd wreck.

The tangled weed upon her side
A waving forest grows ;
And thro' her seams, fast bulging wide,
The star-fish comes and goes.

Horn'd barnacles their feather-webs
Stretch out to seize their prey,
'Ere turns the sluggish tide, and ebbs,
And bears it all away.

In many a trembling purple bulk
The jelly fish come swaying,
And in the shadows 'neath the hulk
The darting fish are playing.

Her stolen upper works are gone—
All's gone that men can take—
Her ribs are breaking one by one,
As teeth at sixty break.

The oily circles of the tide
Coil round her sluggishly,
And drip about her creaking side,
Then sink back to the sea.

From out high noon the coppery sun
Glares on the ship forgotten,
And, leering on the work undone,
Warps all that is not rotten.

He makes a laugh upon the tide,
Till each wave shapes a grin—
A myriad fiery lips deride
The ship that once has been.

Deep in the chasm of her hold
Long water-arms extend,
And feel, as feels the blind when told
Where he may clasp a friend.

A sympathy of solitude
The watery vault enshrines:
Tho' yet a deep'ning silence brood,
The hand of Time makes signs.

The secrets of the past unfold,
And with the present blend ;
While half a voice leaves half untold
A tale that has no end.

Weird minglings of the water-voice
Draw mutterings from the baulks,
And shape a tale from shapeless noise,
Until the Hulk half talks.

II. MIDNIGHT.

Dim thro' the throbbing pulse of night
Occasional star-point gleams,
Outlighten'd by the greater light
From where the high moon dreams.

A long-hour'd peace in silver shroud
Enwraps the harbour town,
And melts each rugged cliff to cloud,
And smoothes their wrinkles down.

High o'er the bosom of the hills
The night-cloud furls her sails ;
And all the world with silence fills,
And summer sleep prevails.

The deep-enshadow'd joining mark
Of each broad-looming breast
Thickens with silent woodlands dark,
That in the night-hush rest.

The giant contours of the land,
With trend of mystery,
Slope to the flashing silver band
Of the encircling sea.

Breaking the stillness of the bar,
Wet-wing'd, a dripping shag,
Tearing the sea and silence far,
Hies to some lonely crag.

From where the reef, th' occasional knell
Comes, as tho' o'er the deep
The conscience of the wave-swayed bell
Half rung itself to sleep.

The Old Hulk leans upon her side,
Nor by her canvass press'd,
But as 'mid slow recurring tide
She lieth down to rest.

(As some sea giant, whose great day
Well fought has now well pass'd,
There rests his limbs in some still bay,
Where he may breathe his last).

The moon peers thro' her every port,
And shapes her out in white,
Till of the Old Hulk she has made
A palace of the night.

She vibrates with the full flood tide,
And with a deeper motion ;
Her quivering frames reform inside,
And lift her to the ocean.

To all the baulks and timbers bent,
To all the planks and 'holes
Full strange and wondrous shapes are lent,
Enshrining former souls.

Past spirits breathe before, abaft ;
Long echoes sweep the hold :
The faint, far notes of men that laugh'd,
The tales that they have told—

Come rushing back in half-heard breath
From bulkheads, beams and baulks,
Till in the whisperings of death
Once more the Old Hulk talks.

Within, 'tis as a banquet hall
In marble carvings white,
And draped about on ceil and wall
With patterns of the night.

Designings of the dancing waves,
Pencill'd by silver moon,
That even as they move engraves,
And graven—they are gone.

Quick as the gnats their figures trace
Beneath the sunset trees,
The moon translates in living lace
The spelling of the seas,

And writes across ship-walls the mark
Of time in dancing gilt,
That doubtless flash'd upon the Ark
And every ship since built.

Soft music lurks round every leak
As fills the silver floor:
A thousand tinkling voices speak,
A thousand streamlets pour;

A thousand faces seem agaze,
Half strangers and half friends,
Half-conscious of some former days
As in the scene there blends

The half-life of what once has been,
Mingling within to-day—
But lasting as the phosphorous sheen
That lights the flying spray.

Still yet the forms and faces come :

The surging echoes rise ;
It seems as tho' a happy home
Fast fill'd with laughing eyes.

The spirits of each former crew
Are piped aboard in haste ;
It seemed as if each, whom each knew
Met and old friends embraced.

A little rise—a little fall :
Fill'd with the memory-noise,
The Hulk herself seems to recall
Her once majestic poise,

And float ; and high her masts and spars
Their pinnacles extend
Against the silent sleeping stars,
And to the night-wind bend,

As bulging clothes are sheeted home.
And then it comes to pass
A crawling boat does slowly come,
As beetle crawls on glass,

With solemn throb, and silver flash
Of heavy-labouring oar,
That leaves long stirrings from each plash
That traced the course from shore.

And then—as tho' on deck there came
The captain, and there stood
And called all hands once more by name,
And spake brave words and good.

Then, from a thousand sailor-throats—
As the far breakers' roar
Throws music of great un-writ notes
As they play on the shore—

A hoarse cheer rose : The “Mandalay”
Has once more put to sea,
And every ghost is borne away
Into Eternity.

From in the mist a far-off knell
Strikes slowly to the shore,
As solemnly her midnight bell
Is heard—and heard no more.

THE WINDMILL.

When the dawn her gray pinions is shaking,
And the night-wreaths trail over the hill,
When the thrush with a song is awaking,
And a breeze shivers over the rill ;
When the owl has sailed back to the rafter
That rots in the mouldering wall,
Then the morning arises with laughter,
Shedding new light and life upon all.

Then the miller creaks up the old stair-way,
And soon has drawn out the white sails,
And sets them a-going in rare way,
Bulging out with the fresh morning gales.
The four limbs that are hung on the mill-side
Seem a-whirling in mad circle-race ;
But as arm upon arm is flung out wide,
To the will of a master they pace.

All my thoughts round the air-wheel go sailing,
Lightly treading the four giant spokes,
Or else now, o'er the ground beneath, trailing
Like the shadow that chases the strokes.

Crushing out a pure thought for the morrow
From the hard golden grain of to-day,
And as lightly imprisoned by sorrow
As the shadow-bars prison the May.

Oh ! then wheel away, whirr away, mill sails,
In each circle enshrine a new thought,
For you gather rich gems from the spring gales
As the sparks from the dynamo wrought.
Oh ! that Time in his round did awaken
Such fleet shadows for us as he goes,
Like the miller, could we, age o'ertaken,
Half as lightly shake off the white snows ?

But now, slowly, the great wings pass over,
Yet more slowly they dip and they rise,
While the owl in the tower does discover
Dusky shapes with her half-dazzled eyes.
See ! the miller, with night, draws the white sails,
As the dank mist goes climbing the hill.
The sweet throstle has ceased as the light fails,
And a death hush reigns over the mill.

IN APRIL.

The ice-jaws have released the flood,
And earth has suck'd the running snows :
As keen-edged March to amber glows,
A music thrills the trembling wood.

A warm breath stirs the sleeping limbs ;
Within each bark life throbs to leaf,
The movement of a great relief
Beyond each ruby capsule climbs.

The chyne is carpeted with stars,
The square-wing'd plover wheels the chase,
The sky spreads one vast ocean-space
Of silver-dotted isles and bars,

And April smiles across the lea
And gently breaks hoar Winter's seal,
Bidding the earth awake and feel
New life and hope increasingly.

O ! melt the ice that binds my heart,
And quicken with thy warming breath,
And waken me from living death,
And give me of thy life a part.

O, blissful April ! ring the bells
Of promise music ; wake the chime,
And message of the coming time,
And stir the life that hidden dwells.

At thy recurring touch there move
The silent growth, the greening year,—
So does thy coming bring anear
The expanding of a greater Love.

THE DEATH-WATCH.

O ! mother, crouching, broken there,
Thy loving heart is dry of tears,
As deeper grows thy deep despair,
And near the awful moment nears,
O, for thy tears in thy despair !

Was ever son as he so dear ?
Heart of thine heart, thy widow'd heart.
O, wrest the Hand ! O, hear the prayer !
And let not this young life depart—
The life so dear unto thine heart !

So fair he lies ; his last sweet smile
For thee, and still his lips apart.
It is but for a little while.
Break not thine heart : break not thine heart,
Nor think to part but for a while.

Invisible amid the gloom
That Touch has touch'd thy lovely child,
And beckon'd him to ampler room
Where are His own, the undefiled,
With them thy child, beyond the gloom.

Upon thine arm his curls are spread :

His chill, dear hand rests in thine own :
O, know'st thou not that he is dead !

Thou art alone, thou art alone !
For though thine own, thine own is dead.

His eyes still gaze to where the snow
Spreads gleaming in the winter night,
But from them shines a deeper glow—
Tis Heaven's radiant glory-light
Shines from his eyes across the snow.

The white moon o'er the nearer hill
Comes and looks on the silent form,
E'en as last month she cometh still—
Nor then in calm, nor now in storm
Upon his form she looketh still.

The slow moon draws athwart the pane,
And climbs the wintry boughs on high,
And on the same form looks again
From out the dark and frosty sky—
Down from on high she looks again—

Down on the sleeping boy, and streams
A solemn light upon his death,
As she had last spread o'er the dreams
Of his young life, and kissed his breath :
But now on death the radiance streams.

Two branches o'er her marble sphere
Bend a rude Cross : the moon-drawn sign
Casts down a shadow, sharp and clear,
Upon the pillow. Line by line
The moon-drawn sign rests sharp and clear.

The slow moon passes in the hour ;
And draws the Cross-mark o'er his brow.
O, mother, see ! the Unseen Power,
That parts thy dear one from thee now,
Draws on his brow the sign of Power.

She makes no moving, only kneels
Heart-stricken by the little bed, .
While from her child the Cross now steals
And rests upon the mother's head,
Who by his bed heart-stricken kneels.

It rests, a sign of sorrow gone—
Brief sorrow pass'd in endless joy—
Close to her breast she clasps her son,
And with one smile embraced the boy
In endless joy, brief sorrow gone.

The slow moon goes. The slower day
Breaks o'er the cold, cold, snowy hill.
But two like one have pass'd away,
The mother with her child is still,
As o'er the hill slow breaks the day.

A LAST ADIEU.

O ! speak, my Love, speak ! whisper one last adieu,
Give me but one last word ere we part.
Dost thou know, O my Love, that in parting from you
I am left as the broken in heart ?

Let me see thy bright eyes—the great lights of
my soul—
Once again shed their glory divine.
Neither mark thou these tears that in bitterness roll
But for me raise those lashes of thine.

O my Love ! that one smile those sweet lips might
adorn,
As the smile thou vouchsafed first to me ;
It would lighten my life as the bright sun at morn
Spreads a beam o'er the cold wintry sea.

Let me clasp thy hand, dear, let me raise it again
And again to my lips' fond impress.
So ! I leave thee at rest, without thee face the pain
And the blank wall of life's bitterness.

Fare thee well, fare thee well, there is peace on
thy brow,

And thy pure soul, I know, is at rest ;
Ere I turn to the life that has lost its light now
Let me place this one rose on thy breast.

Let me kiss but once more those cold lips, and
I go ;

Thou hast passed to the realms beyond sight,
And yet ever thou wilt remain near me, I know,
As my Star and my Angel of Light.

For it is but a step to the world yet unseen ;
Thou dost now hold the key of my gate ;
But the flesh fades away, while thy spirit, my
Queen,
Shall both guide and discover my fate.

'Tis not memory, Love, when I hear thy dear voice—
It is when I am one with thy will ;
And whenever thou stirrest my heart to rejoice,
Then I know thou art here with me still.

Art thou now at my side ? I can e'en hear thee
speak,

I am stirred by the warmth of thy breath.
'Tis thy whisper has brought the deep flush to
my cheek—
Thou wilt bring me to life at my death !

AT DUSK.

The sun has gone, yet leaves behind
A streak of waning light, that pales
And soon dies out; and puffs of wind
Fill out the night-clouds' bulging sails,
That, spreading far along the coast,
It stretches out, and makes the sea
All dim, and every cliff a ghost
Half lost in vague obscurity,
And next, not seen at all. There, black
In front, the rocks come large and small,
As each wave floats and strands the wrack
That clings and sprawls by turn. And all
The birds that seaward flew at day,
Are coming back, some place of rest
To find. Far ships out on their way,
Some eastward bound and some bound west,
Have every sail most fully spread
To catch the fitful little winds,
As the blue night from overhead
Sinks and enwraps the wide, far sea
In silence—save the waves that pour
Around the rocks so restlessly,
Or calls some bird, that only finds
An echo-answer from the shore.

TEMPEST VOICES.

There comes a sound upon the wind to-night
That fills my soul with awe:

The air with strange uncertainty is fraught :
Weird voices rise and fall in gust and flaw,
The Tempest Voices, calling to the night.

The storm-rags waved aloft in wild array ;
Long, blood-red streamers flew
Their danger signals, from the sunrise caught,
In chequer'd patterns o'er the morning blue—
'Twas then the Voices sounded far away.

The sky, cross-sear'd and flecked by change, all day
Had yet more sullen grown,
And darken'd o'er the white sea-horses' sport
As they, careering, chase each other down
In shore-ward race and roaring thro' the bay.

The darkling night closed down. In copp'ry glow,
And threatening gestures, curled
The wild fermentings whence the storms are
brought
That seething issue out upon the world—
And with the dusk the Voices louder grow.

Within yon hollow moan the drowning cries
Of sailors blend : the waves

Unto the very verge of speech are wrought,
And chant a requiem over untold graves,
While higher still the Tempest Voices rise.

In-doors, the ruddy embers' dying glare
Sends prancing up the wall

Long figures that, like memories half forgot,
In whilom shape alternate rise and fall,
Which, essaying to grasp, we find not there.

Upon the hearth the dog unrestful lies,
His nose upon his paw :

He seems, with lowering growl, as though he
sought,
With ever-watchful ear, his meaning for
The wild discomfort that is in his eyes.

Without, shall e'er such blackness come again !
Blind wrath tears up the chyne :

It is an hour when sailor life counts nought ;
The whirling moisture, mingled ice and brine
Blots out the very lightning from the pane.

The Tempest Voices shriek within the gale !
Some hapless scunniant

Is caught amain, and gone where is no port,
While 'mid the raving sea-noise rings the chant,
Half siren-song, half dirge, the Voices wail.

What is the sound upon the wind to-night ?
It chills my heart with fears,
And with its presence burdens every thought ;
Its utter sadness brings the world to tears—
Why do the Voices call so loud to-night ?

What is this wail I hear incessantly—
It gives my soul no rest ?
It is the cry of prophecy full taught.
There blends a present note within its quest
That links the chorus of dim memory.

This is the sound upon the wind to-night,
And thus it speaks to me—
'Tis but the echo of Time's triple sort—
Of what has been and is and is to be,
The Tempest Voices cry unto the night !

A DREAMER.

He was of men who find their chief content
Arising from life's secondary things.
He soared upon the fancy-painted wings
Of Promise. His whole share of time full spent
In weeding in another's plot, he bent
In search of what the future never brings,
Forgetful that, whene'er a green blade springs
It is a Promise with a fact in-blent.

He sucks the honey but lays up no store,
He piles the nothings that encumber strife
With skeletons of what is premature.
His great idea has still to be begun
When death o'erwhelms him in the end of life,
And all he did counts with the Great Undone!

A TRIAD.

I have a constellation shines in yonder dark blue
 night;
It spans from where the sunset fades to where the
 dawn grows bright,
It pierces the Aurora flames as a dream will pierce
 my sleep,
And takes all heaven's other signs in its full-
 measur'd sweep.

It is my constellation, and for me the points of
 gold—
For me and for me only do their mystic lines
 unfold.
Strict science with her ruler cannot them in star
 maps track,
There is no strange named figure for them in the
 Zodiac.

The day has not beheld them, and the world
 cannot divine
This vision in the heavens of the spirits that are mine;
Come they when winds are out at sea, and clouds
 have dropt in rain,
When Time takes up the midnight glass to turn
 it once again.

When all the darken'd world below in dewy slumber
wreaks ;
When stars like living fire-balls glow ; when moon
of nigh four weeks
Bends her left-handed sickle down with its fast-
thinning rim,
Pointing to where it soon is lost about earth's
dusky brim.

'Tis then I trace the imagery of these fair forms
on high—
I see three sisters poised aloft, domed o'er by
concave sky ;
And two of them in sparkling robes rest on a
twin-made throne—
The third one, all serene and dark, behind them
stands alone.

They've twined a brilliant laurel wreath that rests
beside them now,
And strung a chaplet of dead moons to lay on
some white brow ;
While two fair hands in dazzling light, and one from
out the shade,
Wield with light touch the myriad sparks of which
a crown is made.

Wisdom and Love are seated there, enthroned in
purple night ;
Nought with their glory can compare, they shine
superbly bright ;
Each has a jewell'd hand round each, with one the
crown they twine ;
Their hair is like the meteor train, their eyes like
Sirius shine.

An eight-string'd lyre harps their breath, the planets
spread their voice—
Its echoes gather force in space. It makes the
world rejoice
To hear, to see, to feel the truth some noble mind
expounds,
Yet all the greatest here can do but echoes Echo's
sounds :

Or lays the tint that only spoils what Art would
fain portray,
Or spreads the page that only says the half 'twere
meant to say.
O ! Painter, Poet, Musician, whose method can
retain
The half this midnight Triad pour in visions thro'
the brain.

But see! Two sisters there star-drawn within the
star-strewn sky!
The third, while aiding with the crown, has one
arm stretched on high,
Plunged in immeasurable depths that hand clasps
the unknown,
And for the coronet anon draws some fresh glory
down.

No stars can mark her figure—'Tis a mystical
design:
Girt by margins of their absence looms this figure
half divine;
Above her brows alone there shines one steady,
solemn light,
The Pole star decks the centre and the genius of
the night.

Her name is Inspiration, and from regions without
end
She brings the power creative that there Wisdom
and Love blend;
And the Triad make a trophy that is called the
Crown of Fame,
That is held above the brows of those who touch
th' Undying Flame.

Robed in the summer lightning's gleam that flits
across the sea,

Alas! the vision surely fades and holds the crown
from me.

The stars have passed conjunction: thro' my
frame light tremors pass:

The night has turn'd, and hoary Time has once
more set the glass.

THE BARE FIELDS.

So now has faded Summer's golden crown,
And mountain sides are purpled with the ling ;
And golden-finger'd chestnut leaves come down,
And clasp the banks their flowers snow'd in
Spring,
As Autumn, filling in from day to day
Each vacant spot by richer tint bereft,
Does o'er the copse her mellow hues display
On every leaf and berry there is left ;
In sombre richness, decking up the woods,
And gilding o'er the mossy, lichen'd stones
That edge the flashes of the swelling flood
That circles round their thousand subtle tones,
While silence, brooding o'er the fields laid bare,
Speaks yet more plainly than the reaper's strain
(Whose wavering cadence lately fill'd the air),
And tells me that the year dies once again.
Within the heart a sadder feeling grows
As wanes the brightness of a Summer prime :
A Power unseen draws all things to their close
As year by year falls to the scythe of Time.

THE SIREN.

Where Notus sways the tamarisk boughs
That fringe the rugged island brows,
And where as though some giant ploughs
 Have left the rocks in serrate row,
 O'er which Poseidon's green waves flow,
 And play their balls of clotted snow—
 There sat a Siren, singing low.

All strewn about beside her lay
The havoc of some previous day,
White in her hair there clung the spray
 That flew from off the bounding wave,
 Where toss'd a broken mast and stave,
 Some good ship's planks and ribs, as lave
 The waters in and out her cave.

And, singing low, the south wind bore
Her magic strains away from shore,
Where rock'd a ship with resting oar
 Far out, that they who rowed might hear,
 But hearing faintly, must draw near,
 Till, in a wild ecstatic fear
 They for the beauteous creature steer.

WHAT SING THE PINES UPON THE STEEP.

What sing the pines upon the steep,
As sway their dark boughs to and fro,
And fall their blacken'd cones below—
All night, all day, they know no sleep—
What sing the pines upon the steep?

They bend above the solemn deep,
And list th' alternate ebb and flow
Of tide upon the shore, list how
The restless winds incessant sweep
And bend them o'er the solemn deep!

Their myriad needles, each a tongue,
Give strange, enchanting melody :
With fuller music of the sea
It mingles in and all among,
Till words seem on each needle tongue,

Like echo of some half-known song—
Remembrance of a voice long heard—
The same voice but a different word—
Such is the music that along
The steep the pines have made their song.

O! CLOUDS, THAT DRAPE THE CROWN
OF NIGHT.

O! clouds, that drape the crown of Night,
And in her soft refulgence stream,
Drip from your goblets of delight
The moon-bowed pearls that over-teem—
Spray a lightly silver-lined
Pathway for my Rosalind.

Go! seek her, call her, summer air;
O'er flowery terrace trace her charms.
Go! search her casement—whisper there,
And rouse her with Love's light alarms.
Near or far, seek till thou find
Where is hid my Rosalind.

Rich petals droop with amorous breath,
And lowly hangs the damask head:
O! come, and take it—'ere does Death:
It bloweth here for thee instead.
I will in thy tresses bind
Thine own flower, my Rosalind,

The moon, within the hazel glade
Has deck'd a hidden shrine for thee :
With shapes of argent 'tis inlaid,
And spread with daintiest filigree—
Every arabesque I find
Spells thy name, fair Rosalind.

Go ! whisper, winds, " He waiteth thee,"
And waft her scent from this dark rose :
Quick bear a message back to me—
Nay ! better, lead her from repose,
And whisper to my heart, " O ! wind—
" Here doth come thy Rosalind."

TWILIGHT.

At time when day and night are so in-blent
That all the world o'er-teems with dusk-born sprites ;
When shadowy ogres flit between the lights,
And trees have wondrous figures to them lent
By fancy—whose weird emanations sent,
O'erun the mystic hour in airy flights—
My thought ascends to yet unthought of heights :
And roams a region which the Gods frequent.

Unfetter'd by the marge of nights or days,
But soaring up the ladder both suspend,
It almost gained unto those unknown things,
And pierced th' Olympian Cloud, yet do its wings
Scarce spread than they are shrivell'd in the blaze
And baffled thought finds but an earthward end.

